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Running the World

IT SEEMS most unlikely that the Republican Party will accept the notions of Mr. Clarence Budington Kelland for settling the problems of the world. Mr. Kelland is a member of the Party's Post-War Policy Committee, a group organized to counteract the ideas of Wendell Willkie and his Republican Post-War Policy Association. Mr. Kelland is likewise national committeeman from Arizona and was formerly executive director of the Republican National Committee. Senator Taft has now come out against the Kelland plan, and therefore if it is adopted it will only be over serious opposition. Yet this plan deserves some analysis and thought on the part of American citizens since it undoubtedly represents a mentality not uncommon in the United States, a probable counterpart of the rigid isolationism which arose in reaction to Woodrow Wilson.

Mr. Kelland speaks of the creation of five "zones of safety" once the war is over. The first four provide for a system of trusteeship for the conquered countries under the United States, England, Russia and China. They likewise provide for a system of mutual assistance treaties, for a permanent defensive alliance between the United States and Great Britain and for a joint action alliance between all the countries of the Americas intended to put permanent teeth into the Monroe Doctrine. In all these proposals there is plenty to argue about. Yet basically his ideas are neither novel nor pernicious. The trouble comes in with his fifth "zone of safety."

Thereby, "by friendly negotiation if we may, by occupation if we must" we shall acquire every conceivable base necessary to protect the United States against attack. "The Pacific must become an American lake." In the Atlantic, among other things, we must take Dakar and Casablanca, Iceland, Greenland, Bermuda and all the islands in the Caribbean which presently belong to European nations. We are furthermore to have a five-ocean navy and an airforce so "numerous and efficient as to stand alone. . . . From this day forth our country must not merely be able to prepare for war, it must stand panoplied, equipped to the last button and ready for war."

Remember always that this same Mr. Kelland was one of the most vocal of isolationists before Pearl Harbor. He and many others like him seem now to realize with a vengeance that isolationism will not do in a world where you can fly over 700 miles an hour. What is his alternative? It is difficult to see in it anything but imperialism of the most crass variety. Presumably his reasoning runs something like this: the rest of the world is made up of a lot of potential criminals; the only way the United States can protect itself against them is by sitting on them with a police force (the five-ocean navy) which will nip in the bud anything in any way threatening our interests.

The most obvious criticism of all this is that it will not work. You can't sit on bayonets. But apart from that, such a program would saddle us with enormous expenditures, probably far exceeding the cost of Mr. Wallace's fondest plans for the Hottentots. It would earn us the enmity of practically everyone in the world. In time we would inevitably let the system get rusty, and would wake up to find ourselves with a superannuated military establishment, the easy prey of any large nation which might decide to use its brains to wipe us off the face of the earth.

However fantastic and foolish such notions may seem, we must remember that they seem "hard-boiled common sense" to disillusioned isolationists, and they are readily salable to military men. When the war is over, we shall have some 10,000,000 military men in our electorate. The Kelland mentality will be a thing to reckon with.

The Case of Sumner Welles

TURNING to the foreign policy of the party now in power, the Democratic administration charged with the responsibility of concrete plans and action, we come straight up against the resignation of able Under-Secretary Welles. At our

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press time nothing official had been released in the matter, but the Washington papers capped several weeks of rumors by stating flatly that the die was cast. Mr. Hull expostulated about other, yet related matters, while Mr. Welles had no comment to make, when reached at Bar Harbor where he had repaired for a well earned respite. Although no satisfactory explanation was forthcoming from any source, and the official word has not been made public, everyone now takes it for granted that Mr. Welles is out.

Since it is agreed that this is a result of long friction between Secretary and Under-Secretary, it is worth reviewing the careers of the two State Department protagonists. Cordell Hull reached his post after twenty years in the House, two years in the Senate and (concurrently) three years as Chairman of the National Democratic Committee. He had a great deal to do with the framing of income and inheritance tax measures. As head of the American delegation to the ill-fated World Economic Conference at London in 1933, he became widely known for his advocacy of reciprocal trade treaties. He made this a key plank in the good neighbor platform and presided most auspiciously at Pan American conferences, where he was universally liked. Meanwhile he has so consolidated his domestic political fences as to be almost indispensable to the President for holding the now rebellious old-line Southern Democrats.

Sumner Welles is Cordell Hull's junior by over twenty years. Yet more than a quarter century ago he was serving as secretary of our embassy at Buenos Aires. He did a brief stint at Tokyo in a similar capacity. In 1921 he became Chief of the State Department's division for Latin American Affairs and shortly thereafter served as delegate to several Central American conferences. He has undertaken a number of successful special missions to Latin America. He is an expert on the Americas, an able and experienced "career man," who in recent months had become with Mr. Wallace a leading expounder of our four freedoms objectives for the post-war world. He is said to be in favor of the Ball-Burton-Hatch-Hill resolution committing the United States now to active participation in the maintenance of peace and order in the post-war world. Consistently, he favors closer collaboration with Russia.

Whether it is because of these views, or because of personal and organization friction, Mr. Welles has been virtually dismissed in such a way that any later post offered him can hardly serve to save face or reward a task well done. Whatever its relation to rightism or leftism, this is shabby politics indeed. Why deprive the nation of the abilities and zeal of Mr. Welles at the very moment we are in such dire need of formulating a practical, far-sighted foreign policy? To shake the confidence of the Latin American leaders, with whom he has negotiated so ably in the past ten years, is singularly unfortunate just now. A man like Sumner Welles is indispensable.

Prescinding from all unworldly idealism, it is readily seen that the two-thirds Senate majority for treaty ratification already hamstrings American negotiators quite enough. It is foolhardy at this critical juncture—whatever the extenuating circumstances—further to cripple our international political efforts by summarily dismissing a statesman of the caliber of Sumner Welles.

CO's

THERE are at present about 15,000 conscientious objectors in the US. Six thousand are doing non-combatant duty with the armed forces; 7,000 are doing civilian service; 2,200 are in jail. Of the latter, the great majority refuse to accept selective service decisions as to their status; 500 refuse to have any part of the whole selective service system, even though they have been granted CO status by selective service authorities. Of these, two individuals have attracted considerable public attention because of charge that they have been physically mistreated at the United States Medical Center for Federal Prisoners, Springfield, Missouri, where they are presently being held. There seems to be considerable substances to these charges. Stanley Murphy and Louis Taylor are the young men in question. However little one may sympathize with their intransigeance, it is shocking to consider that in a Federal Hospital any inmate should be beaten up or placed naked in a "strip cell" by way of punishment. Indeed the very existence of strip cells is a serious indictment of our Federal Prison System. This incident should arouse the active protest (preferably to his Congressman) of every American concerned with human decency and human rights.

Plenty for Europe

"CANADA'S carry-over of old wheat at the close of the 1942-1943 crop year was at the record level of 601,500,000 bushels, while the United States surplus of 609,000,000 bushels on July 1 was only 23,000,000 bushels below the record carry-over in 1942. In addition to this North American surplus of old wheat, there is a large unsold surplus in Argentina and Australia. In the case of Argentina the surplus amounted to 248,000,000 bushels on August 1. . . . In the United States it is officially estimated that 1,150,000,000 bushels of domestic wheat will be utilized between July 1, 1943 and June 30, 1944. This would still leave 294,000,000 bushels of surplus wheat to take care of domestic reserves and relief shipments. It appears probable also that Canada will still have a substantial wheat surplus at the end of July, 1944." (*Weekly Bulletin* of the Dominion of Canada Bureau of Statistics, August 28, 1943.)

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Responsibility

FOR the past few weeks we have discussed various aspects of the bombing so successfully being carried out in Europe at the present time. We said that we did not want to talk about Rome but that we wanted to talk about other cities less privileged than Rome. We said that we wanted to talk about German cities, about all cities. We asked whether, conceivably, it could have become our settled policy to wage the kind of war against these enemy cities that the Germans had waged against London; whether, conceivably, it could be possible that we had come to count upon the terrorization or destruction of civilian populations for our victory; whether we wished to make a large part of Europe an uninhabitable desert heaped with ruins; whether we thought that such a Europe could be rebuilt for peace.

The moment has come to present a precise program for bringing air power under the control of and subordinate to the principles and the aims for which the United Nations are fighting in this war. We ask public support for the elements of this program.

But first one remark: we believe that as our military power grows our responsibility to exercise that power for more and more clearly defined military purposes grows also. As we grow stronger we cannot act as if we grew frantic. Just as our political plans must grow steadily more precise, so our military action steadily must be brought closer, always, to rigidly chosen objective military ends. For our military action, just as our political action, if uncontrolled by principle can bring chaos. Specifically the action of air power, if allowed to develop by its own momentum, will become an irresponsible force creating a victory indistinguishable from chaos.

We ask that bombing be limited to military objectives—in principle always, in practice as far as is technically possible. We ask that this policy be defined, adopted by the United Nations, followed strictly by the United Nations and proclaimed at once to the peoples of the enemy nations. And, since the clause "as far as is technically possible" will render such a declaration entirely meaningless to anyone anywhere, we ask that it contain something further.

We ask that the United Nations implement this declaration by meeting the steadily growing technical difficulties of isolating a military target from non-military areas with a corresponding and deliberate increase in technical prudence.

We ask that, under this policy of bombing only military targets, certain technical rules be established so that, no matter what the enemy may have done in the past and may do in the future, the use of air power, of *our* air power, will be subject to a reasoned and deliberate code. For this new arm, doubling in strength month after month, without any doubt is a major factor in winning the war: without any doubt it may become a major factor in making a desert, a sterile and hopeless desert of the civilized world; without any doubt the absence of any clear policy as to its proper use leaves it at present an irresponsible instrument blindly destructive of the lives and hopes of the populations under bombardment and not impossibly of the hopes of a peaceful world for which the British, the Russians, the Americans, the French are giving their lives.

The only code capable of rendering this force a legitimate instrument for achieving victory must be based on radical and clear decisions. These decisions must be made by the governments of the United Nations responding to the mandate of the peoples of the United Nations. Their technical elaboration, of course, will be the duty of the technicians. The principles on which the technicians will work seem clear, however, clear enough to be presented here to public opinion, clear enough to form the basis for a mandate to be given by public will to the governments. They include the following:

1. The means used by air power to destroy a military target must be adapted strictly to the performance of the specific task, gauged to the purpose of reducing to a minimum incidental destruction. Here the technical elaboration will be considerable: blind bombing, number of planes, weight of bombs, etc. The idea simply is: if William Tell had used a cannon . . .

2. The military target, in order to be a legitimate one, must be so placed that its destruction—after fulfillment of the conditions of paragraph 1—will involve no more than calculable and secondary effects upon non-military areas. Where the destruction of non-military areas foreseeably and certainly must exceed in importance and intensity the destruction of the military target involved, then that target can no longer be considered a legitimate military target. It must be spared.

3. When the legitimate secondary and incidental effects of the bombardment of military objectives become intolerable to the populations under bombardment, those populations and their governments must be enabled to choose between continued suffering or submission to clearly formulated rules defining open cities. What is here involved is new legislation in a new historical situation to meet the case of cities surrendering to enemy forces unable to occupy them. It should be clearly understood that such rules would create a situation favorable to our attacking forces, unfavorable to the enemy save in one respect: that his cities, by submission, would be saved.

In the long view that is to our own interest, immeasurably.

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Post-war Life of Riley?

Business has plans that may greatly modify the return to peace-time life

By **Edward Skillin, jr.**

DRUDGERY is to be virtually eliminated from the American home of the future, if we are to believe the flow of "ads" urging us to invest in war bonds now so that we can some day buy the latest gadgets. The post-war house will be a spacious one-story affair, so well air-conditioned that even dust will be eliminated. If visitors should unwittingly track in dirt, walls and floors can be made clean with a sweep of a damp cloth. Shockproof doorknobs made of plastics need never be polished. New plastic and fabric materials will cut the house cleaning problem to a minimum.

Nor does this by any means exhaust the ideas of American industrialists for our native land in the happy post-war years. Take kitchens, for only one example. Completely electric even to automatic dishwashing and waste disposal, their equipment can be standardized to be within reach of the $4,000 home owner. Everyone will have an electric washing machine. Automatic mixers and transparent ovens, delicately adjustable, will speed the preparation of food. The mechanical refrigerators of this happy future will have transparent plastic fronts so that people will know what's there without so much as opening an ice box door. Housewives will seldom have to lift a thumb.

Little time need be wasted in going to market either. The housewife's local foodshop will buy time each morning on the "Shopping Tele-column of the Air." Through her receiving set she can examine in full color and perspective available meats, fruits, vegetables and packaged foods. Her husband will have shorter work hours and better means of getting to and from his job so that there will be more leisure all around.

This dream of utilizing the scientific advances made under the stress of war to streamline and cushion the American home is not merely for the favored few. Industry has in mind the mass market. Economies made possible through wholesale use of plastics alone, for they can be molded into standard sizes and shapes and eliminate countless separate parts, will bring a more carefree existence within the reach of America's millions. One manufacturer, for example, is already talking about small homes of the new type to rent for $24 per month.

For years Americans have been blessed with more leisure time than working people in other parts of the world. Most of them have not done much with it. If today's copymen's visions are realized for any considerable portion of our citizens and if within a few years we come to live in a style which approximates a boy's idea of Heaven —long hours for play, no hard chores, a wealth of mechanical toys (household gadgets) and continuous entertainment available in radio-television at the turn of a plastic button—what shall we do with our new free time? That is a challenge American education will have to meet much better than it has so far in this age of hot dogs, ice cream and twenty-a-day soap operas.

Yet Business has an answer for this, too—travel, primarily by air. The American public is already captivated by the idea of the small private airplane. This among the present civilian public. When the millions of men with flying knowledge and experience are mustered out, and the pressure of the air-minded younger generation for a family plane is added in, it can readily be seen that small planes may sell like hot cakes throughout the States.

Manufacturers of aluminum, magnesium and other alloys are at present joining with airplane makers in whipping up interest in the helicopter or autogiro, which can land safely on the roof of the average building or on the turf of a modest backyard. Helicopters are supposed to be as easy to operate as a car; they also required little storage space. They are unusually foolproof and the advantage of being able to land almost anywhere makes them particularly handy for the metropolitan areas in which so large a proportion of our population is concentrated.

Then there is the Cessna "Family Car of the Air" of Wichita, Kansas, "What Your Small Car Money Will Buy Tomorrow." The happy couple pictured in Cessna's recent splash ads have their golf sticks along and are on their way to a tee five hundred miles away. Sort of a jaunt for a round of golf! Here are a few of Cessna's slogans which they hope tomorrow to make a reality: "flying for the millions"; "vacations every weekend"; realize the "age old dream of magic trips to everywhere."

The Piper Aircraft Corporation of Lock Haven, Pa., now principally engaged in turning

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out Army and Navy Trainers, also has big ideas about mass production of private planes after the war. What they have in mind is a vehicle of 35-foot wing span, 660-880 pounds weight, 65-75 horsepower, and a cruising speed of 100 miles per hour. It will require only five gallons of gas per hour, "less gas and oil than a medium price car." It is Piper's prediction that "light airplanes will dominate the air just as popular priced automobiles dominate the road." Some idea of the small plane market can be had from Piper's probable selling price of $2,000 that can be met through a modest down payment and monthly instalments.

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For longer flights to the historic and garden spots of the world we shall have fleets of great airliners. Today's slogan that no sector of the globe is more than 60 hours from any airport, means that overnight trips from coast to coast and from America to Europe will be a commonplace. Thanks to highly publicized radar and other detection and precision developments of electronics, and also to the pilot experience gained during the war, flying will be less hampered by weather, for aircraft can now land "blind" in comparative safety. That such travel will be within the range of many pocketbooks is indicated by the prediction of Juan Trippe of the Pan American Airways that planes carrying 153 passengers will make the trip from New York to London in 10 hours, charging only $100 per person. As one optimistic industrialist now sees it, the post-war era will be "an age in which man's mind and body roam the air at will."

All this presupposes, of course, successful termination of the global war and the establishment of a just and lasting peace. And we still have the war to win. It also assumes the upsurge of a new prosperity—reaching a much higher proportion of Americans and other peoples than the world has ever known. In fact the demand for new cars, radios, refrigerators, homes, baby planes is supposed to be a leading factor in providing the full peace-time employment that is a prime essential.

A number of executives are now drawing up blueprints for the transformation of war plants. In the case of the auto industry, for instance, an interesting situation presents itself. According to current estimates retooling for mass production of new models will require up to eighteen months. Meanwhile the immediate public demand for new cars will be stupendous. Word has gone around that manufacturers will first turn out a flock of 1942 models—conveyances which for comfort, economy and performance are superb. Yet post-war models are supposed to approximate an advance equal to that of twenty years of peace-time automotive engineering: the new cars will be built of new alloys and plastics and hence weigh 50 percent less; sealed cooling systems eliminate winter and summer radiator care; cars will go 30-35 miles on a gallon of gasoline; they will be streamlined and have transparent plastic tops. Considering these advances an industrialist writes to *Fortune* (July) protesting '42 model production after the war as taking unfair advantage of a seller's market and holding back the wheels of progress. It is a nice dilemma, with the public crying for new cars of any kind—and with '42 models so good, too. Who won't be glad when the day comes even to get out his old car and take a drive wherever and as far as he will? Might not the jobs such production will provide, in the difficult post-war transition period, tip the scales in favor of manufacture of enough '42 models to satisfy the immediate demand?

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Whatever we may think of the more rootless and restless America envisioned in these dreams, there is one aspect of this business planning which must be taken seriously. More than ever before American industrialists want a chance to show that they can provide a steady level of full-time employment at a living wage. Several of their organizations are currently hard at work on the problem. Of these the most interesting and far-reaching is the Committee for Economic Development of the United States Chamber of Commerce. At present it is concerning itself chiefly with small business in localities over all the country. The field of operations extends, among others, to 2,000,000 smaller employers and 1,000,000 self-employers. The present job is to keep these enterprises operating during wartime in collaboration with the national war effort. For the post-war period programs are now being worked out to enable these businesses to keep going and actually expand. All this committee asks from the government is freedom from excessive regulation and taxation. After years of short-sighted maintenance of profits at any cost, many enterprises now want to take upon themselves a measure of their due social responsibilities to relieve government of much of the burden it has had to assume.

According to the Committee the post-war employment problem shapes up something like this. The 46,000,000 who were gainfully employed in the United States when we were embarking on our national defense production effort in 1940 (leaving over 6,000,000 unemployed) must after the war be expanded to 56,000,000 gainfully employed. A current estimate has it that of the 64,000,000 now employed, one-half are in the armed services or on jobs directly connected with the war. Expansion from 32,000,000 to 56,000,000 economically productive jobs is a colossal undertaking. It can never be done unless vast numbers

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of experienced or ambitious men and women settle on the land on some basis which combines self-sufficiency in food and feed with considerable production for the market.* Part-time farming combined with part-time employment in a manufacturing plant should also have an important role.

This article, however, deals specifically with the plans of business for America's immediate future. By tackling the full production and full employment problem by localities, the Committee for Economic Development has begun with a distinctly sound approach. Moreover (as opposed to a lone individual business), this community approach means a far greater degree of social responsibility than American management has ever before recognized as its own. The Committee points with justifiable pride to Peoria, Illinois (pop. 122,000), where "not a single Peoria industry is without plans for maintaining peace-time jobs. New designs, new products, new materials will stimulate the change-over from war material and munitions. Pent-up demands for scores of products made in Peoria must be foreseen." The Committee is working to establish local counterparts of the Peoria pattern everywhere. And in a recent letter to the New York *Times* James G. McDonald cites an imposing catalogue of larger corporations already with developed, active post-war programs, a list compiled by the Twentieth Century Fund. Business, big and little, now wants to show what it can do in the interest of the common good.

Prior to the big depression vast sectors of American big business were ruthlessly irresponsible. Upon the slackening of consumer demand workers were laid off by the thousands, often at a moment's notice. Each lay-off slowed the wheels of other industries. The depression deepened. After '29 only a few businesses, including the paint company of the late Colonel Patrick Callahan of Louisville, moving Heaven and earth, succeeded in keeping things going somehow so that they did not lay off a man. They were heroic exceptions. As conditions rapidly grew worse, men were laid off by the millions. Business leaders tried to keep up morale by predicting prosperity just around the corner, but the streets were filled with idle workers trying to eke out an existence for self and family by selling apples or razor blades or begging for a dime. Nineteenth century *laissez-faire* capitalism had brought about its own inevitable demise.

When at this critical juncture the New Deal strode upon the scene, it at once restored considerable national confidence and began to administer public relief on a scale commensurate with the terrible need. In the past decade it has registered sizable gains in such sectors as social security, protection of savings, rural resettlement and rehabilitation on a modest scale, collective bargaining (at the moment a controversial point). But the Administration's efforts to prime the pump for business and stabilize farm income at an equitable level have been largely unavailing. Only the war has set the plants and tractors humming —and brought on as a result a threat of inflation which is still gravely out of hand. Despite the NRA, the devaluation of the currency and sharp curtailment of farm production, the New Deal has proved quite unequal to finding a solution that will maintain the US economy at a level providing adequate peace-time employment. Now business wants a whack at it.

Business wants to be the spearhead of a new drive to set and maintain in motion America's vast productive plant. Labor, too, wants a hand in the proceedings and surely there could be no better field for developing the all-essential mutual understanding between management and labor than planning together to maintain production and employment throughout the land. Government must, of course, have a key role in the war-to-peace transition. Public works programs must be ready to take up employment slack. American business is rightfully proud of its achievement in the field of war production. Ability to produce has always been an American strong point; it is the technique of distribution in a producers' economy that is the rub. Now that executives of large and small enterprises want to engage in decentralized yet coordinated planning for national prosperity, they should none the less be given every chance. For with many American business leaders rugged individualism has been replaced by a new sense of social responsibility.

* See "Kolkhozes for America"—THE COMMONWEAL, August 6, 1943.

Summer Song

Me music make
These sundry,
The windy lake,
The whispery tree.

Where caroleth
In thimble thirds
And mingleth
The colored birds.

When ringing rose
O tolls trespass
And burns and snows
The fiddling grass.

All pluck and loft
In fine fan fare
The silk, the soft,
The every air

When I am there.

KAPPO PHELAN.

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The Greek Tradition

By **George N. Shuster**

PERHAPS it was Mussolini who reminded me of my Greek. At least it may have been the coming of war to the Mediterranean, in a form more horrible and frightening than even the past may have known, which threw into relief the values for which Attic thinkers and writers had stood. Of course you must not inquire into my knowledge of the aorist tense. Even the system of pronunciation has greatly changed since the days when a great German scholar, a migrant to this country, required us to stand and recite from memory selected passages from the orations of Demosthenes. Without pebbles in our mouths, thank Heaven. It is accordingly by no means as an "authority" that I proceed to discuss the subject. All I can do to merit confidence is to tell some of the reasons why one who with the years has deepened a little his acquaintance with the literature of the English tongue is sincerely grateful that once upon a time tables of irregular verbs consumed a good many hours which, he then fancied, might have been expended more agreeably upon the gentle art of angling.

How very much the vision and the memory of Greece has meant to the masters of English speech! Here, for example, is a passage from William Stanley Roscoe's "To Spring":

> O Thou that from the green vales of the West
> Com'st in thy tender robes with bashful feet,
> And to the gathering clouds
> Liftest thy soft blue eye.

The rhythm and the myth are unmistakable. One almost thinks that those words come not from an Englishman of Victoria's time but from some sandaled young Ionian poet, waiting lyre in hand to greet the divinity of dawn. For the "soft blue eye" reminds you immediately of Homer's *glaukopis Athene*—the soft-blue-eyed Athena who watched so carefully over Odysseus and his bearded crew. Nor are the words far removed from Keats's lines on Eros and Psyche:

> Fairer than Phoebe's sapphire-regioned star,
> Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky.

From William Collins to the poets of the present day, the thought of Greece as the home of form and exquisite beauty, of man's spirit and nature intimately wedded, has remained constant. And for a reason. Yet this is by no means all of Greece. You will remember that Mr. Chesterton once assailed the Grecian profile, on the ground that it was looked upon as a kind of virtuous asset whereas, as a matter of fact, it was merely something a Greek couldn't help having, any more than a lass from County Kerry can escape going about with a tilt to the end of her nose.

There was another Greece, too—the Greece one meets, gnarled and sinewy, in the great, mysterious choruses of Milton's *Samson Agonistes* and in ever so much later English poetry, notably in Landor and Father Gerard Hopkins. This was the world of men wrestling with the high seriousness of human life, fated forever to wage tragic battle against the storm that is rooted in the heart of nature, and against the necessity, the *anangke*, that has been written into the law governing man's innermost being. Note the dour lines of the Chorus in Aeschylus's Agamemnon:

> Yet while Zeus remaineth
> On his throne, it remaineth still
> For him who did the deed
> Of guilt to pay by suffering.

It is to this stark, spare, grim, remorseless Greece that one turns respectfully, thinking it probably more genuine than the other. This is the Greece of the warriors of the Parthenon frieze—land of men near to the death of warriors, and of women whose hearts are rent by the guilt that makes warrior lovers die.

Then there is a third Greece, too, close this time to the tradition of the Hebrew people. Matthew Arnold will tell you in what ways the two—Greece and Israel—are comparable, in what respects different. English poetry has been fed these hundreds of years on the poetry of David. The rhythms of the King James Version can be traced on the pages of writers as diverse as Milton and Swift, Ben Jonson and Tennyson. But our writers have learned also to revere the awe-filled piety of the Greeks, bowed reverently like Pindar before the majesty of the gods. Is not this passage from Pindar a kind of Greek Psalm:

> O Jove! protector of mankind!
> O cloud-enthroned king of gods!
> Who on the Chronian mount reclined
> With honour crown'st the wide-stream'd floods
> Of Alpheus, and the solemn gloom
> Of Ida's cave! to thee I come
> Thy suppliant, to soft Lydian reeds
> Sweet breathing forth my tuneful prayer
> That graced with noble, valiant deeds
> This state may prove thy guardian care.

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I have thus swiftly surveyed the terrain of image and theme, because I would point out how unlikely it is that anyone could grasp the inner substance of English poetry since the Renaissance unless he possessed some insight into the form and diction of Greek verse. It is true enough that our language as such has little Attic flavor. Most words derived from the Greek are of such recent origin that they keep a technological or even a medicinal flavor. From *Psyche* we distil "psychic," and think immediately of the sixth sense, or of gambles at bridge which for some unaccountable reason prove successful. Indeed, we go on to coin psychology, psychiatry, and even psychopathy—all of them terms for sciences unbeknown to the Greeks. Or we take a marvelous word like *pneuma,* than which there is no more august term in Christian mystical theology, and water it down into pneumonia, thus making it relatively impossible for the victims of that disease to know what ails them. No, I should never advise anyone to study Greek for the sake of the linguistic value to be derived from it. It is the impulse, the image, the rhythm, the myth, which has been the lasting treasure bequeathed to us by the Greeks. It seems to me that a young person who for the first time realizes the beauty of the opening line of the Odyssey, cannot well help being half a poet forever after. And I think that one who has never been given the chance to do so will always be less a poet than he might otherwise have been. Note, for example, that this is an hexameter line—a long line of six measures the movement of which was doubtless suggested by Greek music. For the dactyllic foot, normally a stressed syllable followed by two unstressed syllables, is very like the pressure of the finger on the harp to accent a note and the subsequent release in two strumming tones. The beauty and the mystery of the hexameter captivated all the great poets of the English Renaissance. Sidney tried to recapture its melodiousness. Spenser and Milton placed six-foot lines at the end of their most successful stanzas. The hexameter has, in more modern times, haunted Tennyson and Robert Bridges. And yet this is only one detail chosen at random from the long and complex story of Greek verse. There are many things more important and illustrious. Thus, for example, one must have seen sometime how similar the majestic verse of Sophocles, praising the principle of righteousness as if it were a banner carried into perennial battle, is to the onward sweep of the Winged Victory if one would really know the meaning of *kinesis* in great art.

Perhaps one ought to add something here concerning the value of poetry and art in the life of the individual. For there may be times when that value seems dubious. Aching with the torture of being driven by necessity to fit somehow, somewhere, into the idle mechanics of existence in order to exist at all, it may seem to us that nothing matters much except some skill which, once acquired, will make toil easier and rewards larger. Yes, I have seen in recent years refugee scholars and poets dipping a crust they had begged into water and wishing that they could qualify for work as hostlers or barmaids. Nevertheless it is a fact that no power can strip even such victims of the most permanent of possessions—the vision of that abiding domain of comeliness and love to which in all cultures and religions there has been given the name of Kingdom of God. And whenever human society is saved from barbarism again, it is because the line of righteousness made manifest in such souls is so beautiful against the sky-line of time that youth, awed by the impact of it, swears allegiance to no other cause.

Wordsworth said that the function of the poet is to "make the universe habitable"—to adapt the outer raiment of nature and circumstance to the form of man's experience and man's aspiration. Never was this function better served than in Greece. And I really think we of the present have one advantage over those who were the contemporaries of the Greek poets. By reason of the fact that we must needs struggle with the language, so different from our own, we can witness at first hand the battle of the master for expression—for triumph over that most recalcitrant of all art materials, human speech. Of course it may be that some either do not see the reality or make light of what they see. There always will be Wordsworth's peasant, for whom a primrose is only a primrose.

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We have mentioned truth, and must note that Greek literature is one long, continuous quest for truth. Herein it differs from the sacred books of the Jewish people, which express the confident conviction that ultimate truth is safely, mystically possessed. For nearly two thousand years, Christian thought has made a herculean effort to weld together in one synthesis the conviction of the Hebrew and the search of the Greek. At any rate, the best of all possible educational adventures is that which makes one follow the progress of this relentless Greek search as far and as diligently as one can. There is no domain which Greek thought left uncharted. Herodotus remains the model historian, scrupulous in his regard for fact and tireless in his pursuit of new facts. Aristotle is the greatest of all critics, either of science or of thought or of art.

But it is, I think, Plato who will most clearly reveal to a modern mind what the Greek reverence for truth and the goals with which truth is identified really was. You will pardon a bit of reminiscence to substantiate that assertion. For me personally the kind of drill in declensions and

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conjugations which a student in my era perforce went through was generally a dreadful bore. The teacher of those days was first of all a great believer in developing excuses for the giving of quizzes, which enterprises he somewhat hastily identified with the training of the student memory. But then after some years, during which I had acquired a measure of facility without really knowing it, I came one day upon the dialogues of Plato. To my great surprise, I found that I could read the Greek fluently. And the text so fascinated me that I went on and on, almost breathless with excitement and admiration, going rapidly from marvelous page to marvelous page, not concerned with the many problems which the Platonic philosophy leaves unsolved but stirred as I had never been stirred before by the spectacle of worthy dialectic exercised not for its own sake but for the reason that this Plato was a man in deadly earnest. His heart was beating quickly, he set a value upon human life, he was excited by the discovery that there's a divinity which shapes our ends.

Naturally one may also read those dialogues in Jowett's translation. But that is to lose contact with the essence of Plato's personality. Have you ever had the experience of listening to a translation of something you had originally said or written in English? If so you will realize how oddly strange the voice that comes back to you from out of another tongue is. The ideas, the facts, the images, you put together are all there, correctly restated and recognizable. But your *self* is gone. I really hate to fall back upon Buffon's hackneyed observation that the "style is the man," but there is no phrase which contains so much of the truth of the matter. Some literary masterpieces vanish completely in even the best translations. That is not the case with Plato, but if you wish to see him in the act of thinking and of expressing his thought you must catch him at it in his own tongue.

The quest for truth is not to be conducted without a good deal of trial and error. Here again is a point which the Greeks illustrate superbly well. I have said before and may as well repeat that Greek literature is two-thirds propaganda analysis. A civilization which unlike that of Israel was based upon the search for, rather than the possession of, ultimate verities had of necessity to lay great stress upon sifting evidence and establishing the pertinence of deductions. In antiquity the Greeks were normally accused of being wily and resourceful minimizers of the truth—yes, the name often applied to some of them is one that in Christian literature is associated with the paternity of Satan; and to a modern reader, even the noblest Greek thinkers must often seem bent on hair-splitting with a vengeance. Nothing could be more absorbing to the student of contemporary discussion than are, for example, Thucydides's accounts of political debates. You see a diplomat masked with a poker face calmly loading the dice for the final throw while remaining keenly aware that his opponent's methods are at least quite as unscrupulous as his own. Most of the Greek tragedies are conflicts between imperturbable, unshakable ethical facts and the ratiocination of men and women bent on trying to circumvent those facts. And the philosophers are, of course, still more persistent advocates of recourse to logic as a means of avoiding disagreeable conclusions.

The struggle between the philosophers and the sophists was one that absorbed the Greek mind for centuries. To a certain extent the argument concerned methods for conducting a scientific enquiry. Thus in the famous question as to whether a rabbit could really get somewhere faster than a tortoise, the issue at stake was not whether the rabbit actually got there faster in any real contest, but simply whether it was legitimate to conclude that the triumph of the rabbit could be predicted. This was, therefore, valuable intellectual exercise, out of which the laws of scientific method eventually proceeded. But most of the time Sophistry was merely a scheme for staving off decisions which did not conform with profit, comfort or prejudice. There was no kind of barrier to honest intellectual and moral progress which the Sophist could not erect. Modern recipes for propaganda analysis, from "name calling" on down the list, are in many cases over-simplifications of the rigid tests which decent Greek philosophers devised for telling the difference between honest discussion and mere formalistic special pleading. The rules of logic may seem pretty dry when one studies them neatly arrayed in a textbook. But to follow their genesis through the history of the clash between Greek intellects, between resolute spiritual honesty on the one hand and time-serving sycophantry on the other, is to be an eye-witness at the greatest duel between truth and error ever fought out in the history of mankind.

I believe that one very good reason why propaganda has such a grip on our age and seems likely to pervert even the best of men is that the example of Greece has to such a great extent faded out of the educational process and out of the memory of men. By this I do not mean that there are a few easy rules which used to be learned by heart and are no longer learned. What I think of is, rather, that if one reads at all persistently in the literature of the Greeks one will come to understand quite effortlessly that there are specious kinds of evidence and honest kinds of evidence; that there are ways of covering up error and displaying prejudice as if it were truth—ways which one comes after a while to detect with comparative ease; and that the search for what is true is always also the quest for what is good. Propaganda does not survive in the Greek atmosphere,

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because the Greek mind detected it as easily as an Alsatian peasant tells the difference between a toadstool and a mushroom. No student can be provincial who has once understood the relentless persistence with which the Sophists of old were unmasked.

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I would not, however, desire to give the impression that the age of the Greeks was in any sense an age of gold. In the first place, there are no ages of gold. In the second place, the Greeks certainly did not think they were living in a perfect world. We often say that the Attic consciousness was characterized by a sense of form, of measure. But this is particularly true of its estimate of the nature of human happiness. The mind of the Greek was impressed above all by the permanent limitations which hem in man's expansive desire. Tragedy was a fateful fact from which that mind never ran away. It is true that the tragic art of Greece is not sombre and dour, as the tragic art of the Russians, for example, has been. The staggering paradoxes of the Bible, which to Tolstoi and Dostoievski were exemplified in daily experience, are far removed from the deliberations of Aeschylus and Euripides. When the second writes, "there is no justice in the eyes of mortals," he was noting, sadly and cynically, a fact about life, but it is a fact merely and not a revelation of the depths whence human vice and virtue arise.

No, the tragic art of the Greeks, like their sense of tragedy as a whole, was primarily a recognition of the boundaries which have been staked round human bliss. Whom the gods love, they destroy. Croesus, with wealth unparalleled, has nothing to look forward to save the loss of wealth. Whenever desire steps beyond the narrow confines which the gods have established, there is guilt, and guilt inevitably followed by punishment. For the Greeks, probably more than for any other people, sin meant transgression. The gods compelled Orestes to walk to the bitter end of the abyss into which ancestry had plunged him when it crossed into forbidden land. As a result, fate played an important rôle in the outlook of the Greeks. When Socrates drank the cup of hemlock, he did not act with eccentric disregard for the instinct of self-preservation. He merely illustrated, exemplified, the normal outlook of his people.

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And so I think that one of the values of familiarity with Greek culture may, perhaps, be sought in the fact that one discovers for oneself how not to place an exorbitant price upon life or in particular upon happiness. The Greek abstinence from too, too much desire was, of course, not callousness or what we should term "puritanism." Greeks' minds had, as I have tried to indicate, an intense appreciation of health and youth and beauty; and they realized how transient all these are with a poignancy seldom felt by other peoples. But as the great myths, for instance that of Orpheus and Eurydice, show, they were not sentimental about senility or youthful death. I may be wrong but I do not believe you will find in Greek poetry any phrase with quite the same emotional undertones as accompany Vergil's *mentem mortalia tangunt*. The pastoral elegies are outcries of sorrow and the epithalamia are hymns of connubial bliss. But the whole man is not surrendered either to mourning or to jubilation. Bacon once said that the poet is he who submits the shadows of things to the desires of the mind. And to the Attic bards all that lives was a shadow, moving in a fixed rhythm from which not even the mind's desire could escape.

It is possibly the deepest single mood enkindled by Greek art—this sense of how rhythms symbolize the permanent boundaries of freedom. Note that the rhythms of poetry are akin to those movements of the human body from which none of us can sunder ourselves—the pulsing of the blood, the impact of the foot upon the good earth, the surge and fall that make up the arc of a leaping body. Nor are the measures of music different from those of language. The rise and ebbing of the seasons have, as Shakespeare and the Greeks noted alike, their counterpart in the growth and decline of man. And the eternally vital functions in which we severally take our share—motherhood and the rearing of children (to which education is merely an aid), manliness and the guidance of affairs—have their curve of ascent and of descent not unlike that which governs the motion of the sea and the stars. Our happiness must lie in learning those rhythms, individually and socially; our troubles literally begin when we are out of step. That was an intimate part of the highest wisdom of the Greeks, which the Stoa then transmitted to Rome in a more schematic form. It is therefore a Roman English poet, Ben Jonson, who makes the point:

> It is not growing like a tree
> In bulke, doth make man better be;
> Or standing like an oake, three hundred yeare,
> To fall a logge, at last, dry, bald and sere;
> A lilie of a day
> Is fairer fare, in May,
> Although it fall, and die that night;
> It was the plant and flowre of light.
> In small proportions we just beauties see;
> And in short measures life may perfect be.

Greek society, it has often been observed, was an imperfect and in the broadest sense an illiberal society. The mind which created it did not recognize every human being's eternal title to justice, as the spirit of Israel did. Plato tried rather to endow every individual with purposiveness, inside

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a grandiose pattern which transposed reality into the special dimension of the intellect. Aristotle concluded in the end that men were destined to remain masters and slaves. Inevitably under such ideological circumstances the position of women, too, was harassed and insecure. It was Christianity which, emphasizing the equality of all persons and the sacredness of womanhood, stamped Greek civilization with the imprint of a new ideal.

It occurs to me, then, that ancient Greece does mean very much to young America. At the moment it may seem as if, grown very conscious of numberless grave problems, the drift of education were away from the classics and towards the practical disciplines and skills which have a bearing upon the present hour. But there is a tide that governs the affairs of men. It was in the midst of a revolutionary and very chaotic world that John Keats first looked into Chapman's Homer.

Report from the Mountains

By Sergeant W. A. SCHARPER

THE men knelt in a group patternless as a dandelion patch. The priest's hands were chalk-blue from chill as he whirled and, facing the half-hundred wool-muffled men, traced in the bitter air a benediction. The men looked on without show of emotion, looked on through eyes red-rheumed from cold and so tired all expression long since had washed from them.

This was the last Sunday in May, and this an element of Mountain Troops, and this the life of men who train for war above timberline in the Rockies—who train beyond the reach of road, the sight or sound of stranger.

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The men knelt, bent forward into the drive of sleazy sleet that slashed across their faces, and watched the priest. He was a tall priest, tall even among mountain troops, too-young and too-stooped, who read the Mass. The spread of cracker-crisp linen didn't make an altar of the tailgate of the prime-mover, no more than did the coloring of his chasuble hide the slag-dust and mud that mottled the priest's shoes and leggings. But they appeared as natural as the crampons stacked around them to men who had known appearances as church for long now: to him who before of a Sunday had gone to a Cathedral of Saint Patrick and to him who had never before gone anywhere of a Sunday save to hills over which sheep had shumped in Wyoming.

The words of the priest, who was now beginning a brief sermon, evoked no memories of other sermons heard in other years. He could tell them only the things they knew: how soon they would be *there,* scaling Alps, Dolomites, Carnics and Oetzthalers; how after this long time (and yet so short, so short) they were prepared to clamber across the roofs of the world to bash in the door to the axis heartland. The priest (they knew he would; they almost knew by rote the words) reminded them of spiritual preparation to augment material. Then he turned back to the tailgate and bowed over his chalice; and then the first dog barked.

No one noticed save the other dogs. Those pressed close against the kneeling men stirred and stared; others, lying indolent, creaked upright and shook off the moist gray cape of sleet accumulating on dirt-stiffened fur.

The mountain troopers, some, dropped mittened hands on their dogs to still, to reassure them. At this Mass men who had no children to quiet had dogs. Into lives of men removed from all chance of visitors or uproarious ostentation of USO had come dogs and they, dogs, got the stored-up devotion. They, dogs, had all a man could really offer—care and thought and time. And they, dogs, could offer so little; why, all they could really give to these men was their lives. They, dogs, could die a little each day just as men; or, just as with men, it could be one bullet singing straight to the heart. They, dogs, could die as could men; but they could not know why, as could men.

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And now the Mass had ended. The priest stepped back from the prime-mover and knelt, his vestments crumbling down about his knees, among the men. They prayed aloud, through stiff lips so cracked with cold they had paled yellow and were flecked with blood. The priest called her name and the men ejaculated petitions. At this, the end of her month, they prayed to her. Sonorous and incessant and so beautiful poured the words "Tower of Ivory; House of Gold; Ark of the Covenant; Gate of Heaven; Morning Star; Health of the Sick; Refuge of Sinners. . . ." To each answered the men "Pray for us." Then the whistle blew.

Down the mountain crag, not far but from somewhere hidden in the swirl of gray cloud and slanting sleet the mess sergeant's whistle smote the sluggish silence of a world of mist, stone and ice. Knowing, lethargy left the dogs, and in a pack they brushed by and through priest and soldier. When the whistle's echo stilled, they, dogs, were gone.

The men prayed on, unmoved and unmoving; the sleet rained on, glistening on bared heads; there was actual ache in the moan of the wind above the twilit mountain.

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Communications

BOLIVIA'S INDIANS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I have been very keenly interested in your articles on the situation of the Indians in Bolivia. My son spent six months there and says that your articles are most truthful, and he only hopes that more publicity will be given to the situation of the Indian in Bolivia, who is one of the most unfortunate of all human beings today.

JAMES WOOD JOHNSON.

"DIARY"

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Your remarks on Mr. Grafton's "Diary" pleasantly tickled my fancy. The notion of a "columnist's" *diary* strikes me as funny, considering the nature of his job. It reminds me of an editorial in the old *Sun* (*consule* W. M. Laffan). An editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* had indulged in some remarks about the flow of "interesting matter" across the editorial desk and the *Sun*, printing the said remarks, commented: "Why don't you print some of it?"

When a columnist has laid bare the innermost workings of his mind several days a week in his column, what on earth has he left to tell you?

(When it comes to "bounce and bite" in style, I don't think Grafton is anything like a match for Pegler. But let that pass.)

The nearest thing I can think of analogous to a columnist's diary is turkey hash on the Saturday after Thanksgiving with no turkey in it.

"COLUMNIST."

The Screen

Any Similarity Etc. Is Coincidental

"FIRST COMES COURAGE" is a war picture that holds one's interest more for its exciting melodrama and fast-moving cinema than for its relation to reality. It is another of Hollywood's occupied-country films, and like many of the others, it follows the romantic and personal angle more closely than the psychology of the invaded or the invaders. In the town of Stavik in Norway lives Nicole Larsen (Merle Oberon) who is despised by her fellow Norwegians for being so friendly with Major Dichter (Carl Esmond), the commander of the occupying forces in this territory. But Nicole puts up with all the slights and mean words of her neighbors because she is really a true patriot and doesn't want anyone to know she is a spy. She picks up bits of valuable information from her nazi major, tells them to the underground which in turn passes the dope on to the English Commandos who act on the information, make their raids and drop their bombs in the places most harmful to the enemy. Comes the time when Major Dichter must be done away with.

For some reason I couldn't quite get, the English Commandos are notified, and Captain Lowell (Brian Aherne) is rushed over to Norway to do the job. His Norwegian accomplice is killed and the captain is wounded and captured; but somehow he is whisked off to Nicole's cellar. Then, lo and behold! it turns out that Lowell and Nicole have known each other for a long time and are in love. So in between their planning various acts of sabotage and the murder of Dichter, there is plenty of time for caresses and renewals of pledges, etc. To waylay the suspicious major, Nicole marries him in a big nazi civil ceremony with flags all over the place, plenty of heils, and "Mein Kampf" used as a Bible. The melodrama gets pretty thick, but the picture rises to its point of greatest excitement when the Commandos arrive to blow up the oil dumps. These scenes are the film's best and make a thrilling climax to the previous breath-taking escapades. Director Dorothy Arzner (Hollywood's only woman director) knows how to build up cinema in an exciting style, and the film's editor uses cross cutting to keep you on the edge of your chair. The script isn't too convincing; its writers had a difficult time in making over Elliott Arnold's sexy and brutal novel, "The Commandos," into movie fare. The principals in the cast never warm up to all the heroics, except for one scene that vibrates with theater as Nicole and Dichter tell each other off after the wedding. "First Comes Courage" may give you a vicarious thrill, but it will never be pointed to like "The Moon Is Down" as an example of what Norway was like during the occupation.

"Above Suspicion," based on Helen MacInnes's best seller, has been made into a curiously uneven movie. Some of it is very thrilling, and the suspense is swell, particularly in individual episodes; but the whole is unsatisfying, mainly because the theme (Europe in 1939) is dated and the plot, bungled together by three script writers, is not always too clear. Fred MacMurray and Joan Crawford play the honeymooning Oxford don and his wife who follow a series of clues to locate an English spy who has the plans for a secret weapon. Because they are American (they were English in the book), they are above suspicion. The trail leads from Paris to Salzburg and Innsbruck, and it is full of breathtaking excitement none of which seems real. Joan looks very attractive in her usual smart dresses; and the hat that consists mainly of one big red rose (which is part of the plot) becomes her well. Fred plays the whole thing in an offhand manner that is almost too carefree and USA. They are assisted by Basil Rathbone, Conrad Veidt, Reginald Owen, Bruce Lester. Richard Thorpe directed but was handicapped by a weak script. If you don't expect too much, you'll find the picture will keep you interested—at least while you're in the theater.

"Bomber's Moon" is more of same. As the film opens in a nice documentary fashion with stunning shots of bombers starting out in murky English skies and effective scenes of the bombed objectives in flames, one almost expects a straightforward movie about the RAF in action. But it soon becomes obvious that this is really another chase thriller. Jeff, our American hero (George Montgomery) is shot down, captured, mended by the Germans, imprisoned in an old castle. He escapes with two other

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prisoners: a woman who is a doctor in the Soviet Medical Corps (Annabella) and a Czech (Kent Taylor) who is neither a prisoner nor a Czech but really a German Gestapo spy who knows that the Russian woman will take her fellow escapees to underground leaders. She does. Then follow a series of more or less exciting but unconvincing episodes. Once the Gestapo man is done away with, the chase becomes routine. The American boy and Russian girl appear in a wide variety of disguises and flee from numerous pursuers by walking, running, swimming, riding, boating and flying. Director Charles Fuhr realized the plot was full of coincidences and hopped up melodrama, so he didn't take it too seriously. He does succeed in providing a few thrills, however, and a few unintentional laughs too. George Montgomery is made an awfully stupid oaf when he thinks that close-cropped Annabella is a boy just because she has on a uniform with pants. The scene in which this uniformed Russia woman spends the night with Jeff and the German spy presents several problems that the WAC and WAVES officers might give a little thought to. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

CHILDREN UNDER FIRE. *S. M. C. Longmans.* $1.50.

THE LAND OF THE GREAT IMAGE. *Illustrated with Maps and Prints. Maurice Collis. Knopf.* $3.00.

YANKEE LAWYER. *The Autobiography of Ephraim Tutt. Scribner.* $3.50.

Engaging Self-Portrait

SEVERAL YEARS ago American publication of "Brother Petroc's Return" by S. M. C. provoked a pleasant sensation of surprise in certain Catholic literary columns. There was even more than the usual tossing of hats in the air; and this time there was some justification for it. Here was an author who could write authentically of genuinely spiritual things, who wrote a highly fantastic tale filled with delicate touches of humor and who was not above a quiet jibe at pietistic excesses. People wanted to know more about her. "Children under Fire" now at long last tells who S. M. C. is in more ways than one.

For outright description, there is the attractively personal foreword of Emmet Lavery, playwright and Hollywood director. That leads straight on to the good Dominican nun's word picture of herself. She claims to be recounting the little adventures and reactions of English children from her own convent's countryside and those evacuated from London slums. But they serve only as background. It is really a story of how S. M. C. faced up to the many difficulties that beset her community when they sheltered three times their normal quota of children at the time of the air-blitz of England.

This is Emmet Lavery's description: "Here . . . was the sturdy English oak: a strong competent figure, of good stature, a quiet twinkle behind the glasses and a sturdy grip for a handshake." The author's reactions to the most desperate situations unmistakably mark her as a person who under all circumstances takes life as it comes. At times she even seems to take a positive delight in welcoming difficulties. And in the background is a prayerful attitude, of hope and amply justified, complete confidence in God's protection, of ever-expanding charity. "Children

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under Fire" is an appealing little portrait of Christian fortitude in war. No wonder the children were brave, too.

Saints Do Not Walk Alone

IF YOU make India the center of a map, then to the left of India there is the Arabian sea and then Arabia and, beyond Arabia, Palestine; to the right of India there is the Bay of Bengal and then there is Burma and, beyond Burma, China. Beyond Palestine there is the Mediterranean and European system; beyond China there is the sea and then America. The map with India as a center is not the kind of map we are accustomed to see: for a long time Europeans did not see India on any kind of map: when Europeans came to India, to China, they came to the edges of this map they did not know; they came by sea to the edges of this immense continent and they knew nothing about the people who lived on this continent save that they were heathen.

"The Land of the Great Image" is a picture of the Portuguese cities on the edge of this continent in the seventeenth century and the story of the travels and adventures of a Portuguese Augustinian friar. It is the story of a missionary Christian effort which accompanied a European Christian attempt to found a universal Christian world. It is also the story of one of a series of efforts made by a native king to found a universal world based on Buddhism. King Thiri-thu-dhamma of Arakan failed to establish anything at all in spite of possessing a white elephant—this treasured symbol of universal kingship—and the great image of Buddha modeled in the presence of Buddha himself. The Portuguese failed to establish anything at all because they were driven out of India by the Dutch. But for a while in the seventeenth century there were these two visions of a world state, the Buddhist and the Catholic, existing together where the Europeans and the natives met on the lower edge of the vast Asiatic continent. After that brief moment in history the vision of a world state based on a religious conception vanished from the minds of the Europeans in Asia. The Dutch cared only for trade, and when the British turned the Dutch out, the British were not thinking of a religious world state. If, in more modern times, the vision remains anywhere in Asia it would be in the minds of the Asiatics.

The Augustinian friar who traveled to an outpost of Portuguese slave traders at Dianga and then to Mrauk-U, the capital city of Arakan, wrote an account of his journey after his return to Europe in 1643. This account has been published for the Hakluyt Society: it provides the basis for the narrative now presented by Mr. Collis, an Oxford Final Honors man in History, born in Ireland, who for many years was in the Indian Civil Service. Before telling the story of the Arakanese king and the Portuguese friar, Mr. Collis provides a brilliant picture of life in Portuguese Asia and particularly of life in Goa, Golden Goa, a Portuguese city on the West Coast of India. The picture is one of extraordinary interest for Catholics to meditate before. They will not do so without a certain sadness. There was sanctity—there was Saint Francis Xavier—there was erudition—the Jesuit de Nobili made an amazing attempt to find out about the higher Brahminism and to meet this metaphysic on its own grounds—there was charity—the great Jesuit Hospital—but there were also the soldiers, the viceroys corrupt or otherwise, a complete acceptance of slavery, an appalling degeneration of moral behavior, there was greed and cruelty, a society of conquerors exploiting a people whom they neither understood nor attempted to understand. A Catholic will be saddened to think that courage and sanctity and the ideal of his faith, the ideal which can embrace all men, could not have traveled to India alone, unaccompanied by Portuguese imperialism, unenforced by cruelty, freed from the accidental European structure of the times (of any times). But that is the way things happen, that is the sobering, the terrifying way things happen—the saint does not travel alone. So that you have Saint Francis Xavier with his heart bursting with love for the naked poor and you have the slave traders following along after him, putting the naked poor in chains, and you have the bureaucracy of the Inquisition keeping order among the converts. You have the man who gives his life out of love and the men who run things later out of logic. Then the men who run things are driven out, the Empire falls, the whole structure of power at the service of the Catholic ideal collapses, and the saint is at last alone. There is India once again alone and embittered by the men of the Empire and the saint is alone to start all over again.

It was from a city like Goa, stabilized, functioning, with the Portuguese thinking they were there forever, that Friar Manrique set forth to Arakan. It was in Arakan on a diplomatic mission that he met King Thiri-thu-dhamma, a charming king in a charming court. A king who remained charming until he was ruined by a sort of magical by-product of his religion, which led him to think that he was designated to be the ruler of the world. The king's vision suffered from an indescribable lack of proportion. The Arakan state was a small state though very rich. There was no earthly human chance of its king extending his possessions. But the king thought there was an unearthly chance, a magical chance. Through astrology, and that was harmless enough, save to his mind, but also through the taking of a magic elixir, and that was harmful to more than his mind, because one of its ingredients consisted in the hearts of six thousand of his murdered subjects. (Mr. Collis remarks upon the regrettable distinction existing between Buddhism in its philosophical aspects and Buddhism in its effect on the conduct of the masses and in this case the conduct and beliefs of kings. Describing the illuminated and mass suicide of men rushing into the sea to be destroyed by sharks, of men jumping to death from a spirit inhabited tree so that the spirit will carry them to heaven, he finds the logical reason for the Inquisition's horror of demonism.)

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The king's elixir brought him no empire, the vision of empire faded as he died, drugged and bewitched by his queen. His kingdom fell to the Burmese. And then India, Burma and the wars between kingdoms fell into the impotent uncertainties of modern history. Friar Manrique died murdered by his servant—in London.

A Special Taste

EVERYONE does not like Arthur Train's Mr. Tutt stories. Those who do like them like them very much indeed, and they are one of the things which make the *Saturday Evening Post* the American institution which it undoubtedly is. In themselves they are an institution, since very few authors have limited substantially all their literary lives to the creation of a single character and his immediate associates. This is precisely what Arthur Train has done, and Mr. Tutt has so vivid an existence in the minds of his friends and admirers that this literary *tour de force* which is his autobiography becomes more than a *tour de force* and serves to solidify the amiable old gentleman's reality.

There are one or two things which are irritating about it. Obviously much of what is told relates to Arthur Train's own life, and obviously much of it does not. One is a little troubled as one reads trying to figure out how much is one and how much is the other. "Who's Who in America" helps a little. Mr. Train also went to Harvard. Most of the external pattern of Mr. Tutt's life impinges only vaguely on Arthur Train's, but one suspects that here is translation rather than difference.

Perhaps the best part of this book is its homilies upon the nature of the law and of justice. These are far more philosophic than what you would normally expect to find in the *Satevepost*. Their general tendency is toward pragmatism, which is not a bad thing in itself when applied to law and the governance of man's social life—so long as you do not exalt pragmatism into a principle, which Mr. Tutt nowhere does. Here are more than 400 pages of thoroughly good reading for all *aficionados*.

More Books of the Week

The United States. E. A. Benians. Cambridge. Macmillan. $1.25.

MR. BENIANS calls his book an historical sketch. It is precisely this, and is designed for a British audience as part of an effort toward "mutual knowledge and understanding."

This is not to suggest that it is a sly essay in propaganda. It is, for example, less celebrative in character than our own recent "America" by Nevins and Commager. It is more objectively aware of the inequalities of wealth and the consequent corruption of politics and the menaces to freedom. The economics on which all politics rests is threaded through this little book. This is seen everywhere except in the section of the Civil War, when the needle stops, and the issues are made to turn on the morality of slavery and the constitutionality of secession.

Mr. Benians divides his material into five separate essays. One deals with the new nation; another with western settlement; the third with the Civil War; the fourth with the subsequent economic expansion and the fifth with the developments of the twenties. He has read our history to good purpose and relies mostly upon our best American historians.

The result is a sophisticated and civilized summary of our past and our achievements. There is nothing in it that would keep it as the exclusive reading of a British audience. For it is perfectly clear that too many of us are unaware of our own history. And any source is not to be scorned that can increase our knowledge of ourselves.

Nothing is clearer than the fact that the future development of the world is being largely shaped by us. Whether it is being shaped to our satisfaction or the world's good is beside the point in a book review. That it is true at all requires a deeper and more accurate understanding of the forces that are inherited by the country whose ideas and aims shape the minds of millions of people whose faith we are, and who look to us for salvation.

Mr. Benians writes the civilized prose to which the British historian has accustomed us. Of this I give the following example. Dealing with the Jay Treaty he writes: "The concessions made by Great Britain were not considerable." But it is this civilized way of handling materials that make his errors and omissions important. For these are manifest to more than the merely querulous. His whole treatment of our entrance into the last war makes it apparent that Tansill's "America Goes to War" has been written in vain.

Dealing with the Monroe Doctrine, Mr. Benians observes that in the matter of the Spanish colonies America and Great Britain were in substantial agreement. True. But Britain's interest was in the lucrative South American markets. It was that which made Adams disregard even Jefferson and so write more than a merely self-denying ordinance. The fact is, too, that Britain supported the Monroe Doctrine in theory. But in practice she flouted it in the Falkland Islands in 1833, and in Belize in 1838 and in 1841. All this is pointed out by Dexter Perkins. It is significant that Mr. Perkins's books are both cited by Mr. Benians. It is interesting to know, too, that Lord Clarendon told the American minister in the fifties that "the Monroe Doctrine is merely the dictum of its distinguished author."

Mr. Benians writes that in the matter of the Open Door Britain and the United States were interested in the territorial integrity of China. But Hay's Open Door notes did *not* insist on the territorial integrity of China. It was taken for granted that the then present "sphering out" should be maintained. It is long past the time when Griswold's "Far Eastern Policy and the United States" should begin to get a larger audience.

In lesser things I note that Whitney did not invent the cotton gin in 1792 but in 1793. That the Alien and Sedition Acts were not repealed; they carried their own expiration clauses. That United States Senators are not by *usage* residents of the state they represent. The residence is called for in our Constitution.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

The Story of the Americas. Leland DeWitt Baldwin. S. & S. $3.50.

SINCE this is a one volume treatment of the discovery, settlement and development of North and South America, it naturally could not trace in detail the history of any given nation. The main currents are the only ones noted. There is no effort made, for example, to trace the political history of this nation. There is practically no reference to our Civil War; Harding and Coolidge are not mentioned; Hoover is mentioned once; President Roosevelt is referred to three times. The New Deal is

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not even listed in the very detailed index. Nevertheless the volume is definitely and satisfactorily what it purports to be, a book for the general reader, a book which is "an attempt to paint an impressionistic picture of the surging racial frontiers of the Western Hemisphere since the coming of the white man and the hesitant emergence of a concept of common interests." Stress is placed on South American history, rather than on North American developments. Definite efforts are made to properly evaluate the conflicting forces associated with Spanish colonization. Particular credit is given to the missionary efforts of the Jesuits in Paraguay. In general, the evaluation of missionary and religious effort is favorable. The attitude toward South America is one of marked good will.

It is evident that the author hoped that the book would contribute toward a better understanding on the part of all Americans, both North and South. He has packed his general historical account with hard facts, providing a substantial foundation for his many generalizations. Social and economic matters are stressed, but political developments, particularly in South America, are given in some detail when really necessary for following the sequence of events. For example, the contributions of Bolivar and San Martin are given more attention than the accomplishments of any North American statesmen, presumably because the author realized that very few "Americans" knew much about either of the South American leaders. In this day of global concepts, the book will help to visualize the problems facing all of us in the Western world.

PAUL KINIERY.

The Life and Works of Beethoven. John N. Burk. Random. $2.75.

THERE is an equation which might run: What Thayer is to Beethoven, Spitta is to Bach. P. Spitta's "Johann Sebastian Bach" and A. W. Thayer's "Life of Beethoven" are the two standard works written about the two masters: both run into volumes. Spitta takes up the Bach family history from the early middle ages. The pace is leisurely in the extreme. Thayer is as thorough about Beethoven. With Boswellian devotion he has gathered every scrap of evidence; no fact is too small or insignificant to interest him. No biography written since has succeeded Thayer's as a monument, but it is a rare enthusiast who has read them both and a still rarer one who has read them both from cover to cover. There is a place, therefore, for this new "Beethoven" by John N. Burk, the program annotator for the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Burk's is a concise, usable book, informative, restrained and well written. He has the advantage over the numberless Beethoven scholars in that he has all the evidence to date although there is not a great deal that is new. (There is a study of a famous but still mysterious love letter discovered after Beethoven's death and there is a sifting of evidence concerning the unsubstantiated theory that Beethoven had syphilis.)

The story of Beethoven's life remains awe inspiring. There are the facts about him. One sees that in many ways he was petty, difficult and even dishonest—incapable of dealing with human beings and human affairs. Mr. Burk gives a great deal of the documentary evidence, Beethoven's correspondence, excerpts from his "conversation books"—written records of his talks with visitors. One knows that the man did live and breathe and yet like any other miraculous phenomenon of nature, the more one knows the less one is able to comprehend such genius.

A supplement gives essential information about Beethoven's works and a list of good recordings. Mr. Burk's comment about the music is as it should be—enough to serve the listener and no more. One could perhaps question some of his "interpretive" remarks. But this is always the case where ideas about music are put into words. Mr. Burk uses some space in trying to prove that Beethoven's later works are not inhuman, an adjective frequently applied to them. If "inhuman" is meant critically you have to go into an analysis of terms. Is inhuman synonymous with bad music, human with good? If Mr. Burk proves they are human, what has he proved that is relevant to two such masterpieces as the Quartet, Opus 131, or the piano Sonata, Opus 110? Their humanity or inhumanity would seem to bear no relation to their beauty and would be of no importance or assistance in their comprehension.

A question to the biographers: What did the wretched nephew do with all Beethoven's money when he finally got it? (Beethoven left him a small fortune when he died.)

MARGARET BYARD.

A History of the American Drama, from the Beginning to the Civil War. Arthur Hobson Quinn. (Second Edition.) Crofts. $5.00.

"WHAT king can boast, tomorrow as today, Thus happy will I reign?" This twisted phrasing but timely sentiment is from "The Prince of Parthia" by Lieutenant Thos. Godfrey, produced in Philadelphia in 1767. Godfrey had won his commission in 1754, during the ill-starred expedition against Fort Duquesne, when Colonel George Washington was forced to surrender Fort Necessity; he had been a fellow student to Benjamin West at the College of Philadelphia, where he had acquired an enthusiasm for drama and Shakespeare which is apparent in his tragedy. Not that the Lieutenant could write good verse. His lines are as gangling as his plot, in which the prince is so successful in thwarting the lustful designs of his father and brother upon a lovely captive that Godfrey has to make her drink poison by mistake to ring down the curtain on the orthodox number of corpses. In fact "The Prince of Parthia" has no importance dramatically, other than being the first play by an American to be produced in America.

Some political satires in dramatic form by Mrs. Mercy Warren and others were published during the Revolution, but it was not till twenty years after the brief appearance of "The Prince of Parthia" that the first American comedy by an American author was produced in the John Street Theater in New York. "The Contrast" by Royal Tyler was a vast improvement over Godfrey's highflown effort. Tyler had won degrees at Harvard and Yale, had served with Sullivan and, while practicing law in Quincy, Massachusetts, became affianced to Miss Abigail Adams, who jilted him. It may have been as a barb directed at Abigail that Tyler created his lively Charlotte, who first says that it is "MAN for whom we [girls] dress, walk, dance, talk, lisp, languish and smile" and then confesses "that the finest assemblage of features, the greatest taste in dress, the genteelest address, or the most brilliant wit, cannot eventually secure a coquette from ridicule and contempt." Better remembered is Jonathan, now the name for our national prototype of a Yankee, who stepped out of the scenes of "The Contrast" to immortality.

William Dunlap, an art student of Benjamin West's in London, cannot be remembered for his plays, which

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numbered seventy and brought him to bankruptcy, but for his invaluable "History of the American Theater." Dunlap returned to art and portrait painting; there being no royalty rights, the playwright had perforce to be a man with a profession or public office. The great exception was John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," an actor who made a specialty of adapting French drama for the English and American stage and who occasionally enjoyed Washington Irving as a collaborator. Payne was as prolific as Dunlap, and it is said that Boston once saw twenty-five of his plays during one season.

"The Gladiator," "The Broker of Bogota," "The Cowled Lover" are indicative of the type of early nineteenth century tragedy. The first play about aboriginal Americans was "The Indian Princess, or La Belle Sauvage," by James Nelson Barker, produced in Philadelphia in 1808, but the real vogue for Indian plays was started by a step-grandson of Washington's, George W. P. Custis. His version of "Pocahontas" (1830) is supernally heavy prose drama in which the Indians declaim like Athenians on the Agora. "Pocahontas" by Byers, Owen and a Mrs. Conner followed. John Augustus Stone varied the theme with "Metamora, or the Last of the Wamponoags" (King Philip), which received a prize from William Cullen Bryant in the competition sponsored by Forrest, the actor. "Metamora" was a huge success, but the author, penniless and without royalties, drowned himself in the Schuylkill. Pocahontas survived as a popular heroine until a burlesque, "The Gentle Savage" (1855) at Wallack's scalped the fashion.

"Fashion" by Mrs. Mowatt was the first successor of any importance to "The Contrast" as a humorous picture of life in New York. First seen in 1845, it was revived in 1924 and ran for a season. The farce is centered around Mrs. Tiffany, who is trying to get into society and to marry her daughter to a title. "I wanted to refresh myself by a sight of barbarous countries and customs," says the spurious count. "Had my choice between the Sandwich Islands and New York. Chose New York."

In 1853, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was pirated for the stage and has remained there ever since. It is a play which has its life independently of the players, which was not the case with "Rip Van Winkle" (1865); Rip lived and died with Joe Jefferson. The playwright, whom Jefferson engaged to make his version of "Rip Van Winkle," was an Irish actor, settled in New York, who put some real blood into his characters and added his own charm to his exciting dramas. Dion Boucicault was the idol of New York and London for "Colleen Bawn" and "The Shaugram" but execrated in Dublin for stamping the popularity of the stock comic Irishman. The American dramatist owes to him the protection of royalties and copyright. Professor Quinn is an expert on the American drama and has made a selection of the early plays available to readers, but he has a tenderness for the children of his research which renders him *impervious to their general dullness.* I wish I could share some of his enthusiasm for the verse of George H. Boker, a diplomat, whose "Francesca da Rimini" was first produced by Davenport in 1855; revived by Lawrence Barrett in 1882 and again by Otis Skinner in 1901. Mr. Boker changed the name of Francesca's husband to Lanciotto and made him the very humpbacked hero who loves his brother even more than his bride and kills Fran-

Awakening from their own apathy

"Did you ever own a house before?" I heard someone ask Joe Laben at Antigonish in 1939. "Never" he said; 'nor a pig or a chicken. And we never hoped any of us, to own anything." In other words, **the idea of ownership was lost among these miners . . .**

Now, no matter by what accidents the system has grown up, it is odd and fantastic: people not owning, people not commanding, **people not masters of their work,** or of tools, of the houses they live in, of the schools their children go to, but **people commanded, people, in that case, possessed.** They are not persons but things. And that is the situation a mere handful of men and women have set out to challenge and to correct, not by "shooting up" the town, the State or the Church, but **by awaking from their own apathy;** in fact, strictly by the Antigonish method of studying the possibilities of their situation and then going to work . . .

The reason is that people have done something for themselves **and for each other,** and not merely (or chiefly) for a czar, a magnate, or a group of absentee stockholders. People are **beginning to own.** By this means they are already in part free creators of things, and orderers of their own lives . . . That is normally required in being a person: to own, and consequently to have **the wherewithal to exercise freedom,** and then to exercise that freedom in an active love for one's neighbors. The man who merely seeks himself is only half a person, and is progressively less a person . . .

That the proletariat should come to have property, *and productive property, and that persons should* work in groups to save themselves and to relieve the State of its present intolerable burdens—this is the hope of Pius XI in **Quadragesimo Anno.** And this is just what the men and women of Tompkinsville have done and do now. In that way, they also **cease to belong to the downtrodden proletariat . . .**

Joe and Mary Laben's house is not just like Ray and Katie MacNabb's house, and not just like the Smiths' house or the Clarks'. Any particular house was built by the group, but **it was built for the Labens** or Smiths or MacNabbs and their children, and according to their specifications . . . "If anybody had told me that I would work for the other fellow—for nothing!—that I'd do work on his house when it was his shift at the mine, and that he'd work for me, I wouldn't have believed one word, and I'd have laughed at him. **I didn't believe anybody'd do anything for anybody; you know, outside of Lucy here and me for each other."**

At Tompkinsville there is an inner spirit, a rebirth of man that is ten times as important as the fact that miners are beginning to live in their own houses. It is as if the people just learned that they have souls . . . Each man and each woman at Tompkinsville is a person. **Everybody is somebody in this town . . .**

—Quoted from Leo Ward's NOVA SCOTIA: Land of Co-operators. Price $2.50.

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cesca at the end to goad Paolo into fighting with him. When Paolo is dead, Lanciotto cries:

> O God, I cannot cheat myself with words,
> I loved him more than honor, more than life—
> This man, Paolo—this stark bleeding corpse!
> Here let me rest till God awake us all.

Boker's Francesca is a sophisticated Renaissance damsel with much less conscience than Paolo. This is legitimate, but the long winded love scene has a sadly inverse ratio of fire or beauty as compared to Dante's short stanzas.

Professor Quinn has prepared the second edition of his history with scrupulous erudition, but I think the list of plays would have been more useful if grouped under their authors. Here is a textbook not to be recommended to the casual reader. E. V. R. WYATT.

Art Parade. H. G. Dwight and A. M. Frankfurter. The Art Foundation: Hastings House. $3.50.

THIS volume will appeal to the general reader chiefly for its remarkable collection of reproductions, especially reproductions of details of paintings and sculpture. It is a history of the *Art News* (celebrating its fortieth birthday) and the Frick Collection, both significant records of American taste.

Heaven Is a Sunswept Hill. Earl Guy. Macmillan. $2.50.

THE DULLING drudgery of life on a farm has been variously observed, as local color, in hatred, with pity, with journalistic shoddiness, from Hamlin Garland's era to John Steinbeck's. Earl Guy's novel of the impact of a spring flood on a family of four and their neighbors, living in tenuous poverty along the lower Mississippi, presents, for a change, people who do not go down in defeat. The story covers little time, a few days at most in the life of Sam Drindle, a life made monotonous by unkind nature and unnecessarily difficult by government unconcern. The characters are all of the soil: the stock land-owner, store-keeper, doctor, evangelist preacher, the heroic, the stubborn, the crushed, the bewildered tenant-farmer. What sets the story apart is the frighteningly realistic account of the flood itself—actually the major figure—which seeps, laps, rushes, thunders, breaks levees and men, levels hills and class-distinction, forces courage and greatness on those who stand to fight it and who demand a harvest from what has not been washed away.

Nicholas Copernicus. Stephen P. Mizwa. The Kosciuszko Foundation. Cloth $1.50; *paper* $.75.

THIS little book was avowedly published as a bit of propaganda—to stimulate cultural relations between the United States and Poland. The propaganda should be highly felicitated, because in Copernicus the Poles have a noble scholar in whom we are all interested, and no more interest is asked than is merited. The book is beautifully printed with numerous engravings. Its addition to every home library is advocated.

Resistance and Reconstruction. Chiang Kai-shek. Harper. $3.50.

THE COLLECTED speeches of the Chinese Generalissimo from July 17, 1937, to January 11, 1943, manifest unshakable determination to resist Japan and eventually to bring to realization Dr. Sun Yat-sen's Three Principles: Livelihood, Nationalism, Democracy. Chiang Kai-shek gives every indication of a forceful and orderly mind.

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The Inner Forum

Russian Catholicism on Mulberry Street

CATHOLICS living in New York City owe themselves a trip to Saint Michael's Russian Catholic mission chapel, at 266 Mulberry Street, directly behind "old" Saint Patrick's, where they can fulfil their Sunday Mass obligation at the 10:30 "Divine Liturgy," hear some beautiful choir singing and learn something about the Byzantine Rite. If they will, they may also receive Holy Communion in two species, and afterwards join Father Andrew Rogash, the choir and the rest of the small congregation at a friendly breakfast in "an upper room."

Since there is so much confusion about churches of the Eastern rites in communion with Rome, we were at pains to secure from Father Rogash an exact description of his chapel, which according to him is "Russian Catholic of the Byzantine Rite, employing the Liturgy of Saint John Chrysostom." The language used is old Slavic, and actually the whole service closely resembles the liturgy performed even now in the Russian Orthodox churches of Moscow, with the names of the Holy Father, Archbishop Spellman, etc., substituted for the Orthodox patriarchs, and certain slight, but basic, changes of terminology in the prayers for the Church and the faithful.

Those accustomed to the Roman Mass will notice the following differences: before the altar is an "ikonostasis," i.e., a screen adorned with ikons and having three doors; the congregation stands most of the time and makes frequent signs of the cross; a low bow replaces the Roman genuflection; communicants receive standing, the priest taking a piece of bread soaked in wine (the Body and Blood of Christ) from the chalice with a golden spoon and dropping it into the mouth, which should be well open, with the tongue not extended and the head held back; the Byzantine Liturgy lasts longer than the Roman Mass.

The principal difference between Mass and Liturgy is the inclusion of a number of litanies, in which the priest chants some beautiful and repeated invocations for peace and unity in the world and in the Church, for the country, the harvest, travelers, the sick, sufferers, prisoners, etc. To each the choir replies with the ever-recurring phrase, "Gospodi pomilui" (Lord, have mercy).

Father Rogash was ordained at Rome in 1936 and came immediately to his present post at Saint Michael's. He estimates that there are approximately 40 Russian Catholics attached to his chapel, but usually non-Russian Americans predominate in his congregations. The choir, which sings as well as any we have heard, contains no Russians, but it does include several soldiers and two prominent members of the Gaelic Society.

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E. V. R. WYATT is drama critic for the *Catholic World*.

A Popular Hero, Reformer and Crusader

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By REV. JOHN HOFER

Translated by
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